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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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SQUANDERED LIVES.

The fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor sails over the sea;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays ax to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,
The manhood attempers in strife;
Strong hands, that go lightly to labor,
True hearts that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs,—
The centre of honest affections,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher;
The sailor is drowned in the sea;
The soldier lies cold by his cannon;
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In manly achievement unseen,
But lengthens the day of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished,
That the selfish a profit may find;
But God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to His wisdom are blind.

PLEASANT INCIDENT.

The editor of the Caledonian thus speaks of a scene that occurred on the way to Chicago. It seems that he is one of the many who have availed themselves of the rare chance (\$20 to Chicago and back) offered to those wishing to visit the West this season. He says that Chicago is filled to overflowing with teachers, mostly from New England:—

On Monday, Aug. 3, the steamer Antelope touched for wood at one of the Manitou Islands in the northern part of Lake Michigan. The passengers were given a couple of hours to go ashore for berries, or wander about on the shore as inclination dictated. Most availed themselves of the opportunity; and in the course of their rambles a small squad came to a little brown building, perhaps ten feet by twelve, and peering in at the open window they found it was a school-house with a school in full operation. The outside party being composed almost entirely of teachers on their way to the National Convention at Chicago, they felt at liberty to enter a school-house wherever found; and here surely they were most heartily welcomed by the teacher, Miss Angelica M. Buss, a beautiful young lady, who presided over a Baker's dozen of Norwegian, French, Irish and Indian boys and girls with the dignity and self-possession of a queen. The party made known their occupation and destination, and a very pleasant interview at once occurred. More of the teachers came in, and words of cheer and comfort were spoken to this teacher in the wilderness by several of the party; especially apt and touching were the remarks of an old gentleman from Salem, Mass., who by his earnest words and christian spirit brought tears to the eyes of his listeners.

The passengers returned to the decks of the Antelope refreshed, stimulated and encouraged by the instance of devotion and self-sacrifice which they had witnessed. It appeared that Miss Buss was an orphan, that she was living with her uncle, Mr. Pickard, who is the man of the island, owning a mill, store, and the best house at the landing. Miss B. has made the teaching of these children purely a work of love and benevolence for two years, but at the present time she has a small compensation for her labors.

Upon these facts becoming known, a meeting of the passengers was called in the cabin of the Antelope, a chairman appointed, speeches made by prominent men from several of the New England States, among whom were Prof. Camp, of Conn., Buckley and T. D. Adams, of Mass., Taylor, of Brooklyn, and E. C. Redington, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, when on motion, a committee of ladies and gentlemen was appointed to circulate papers for subscriptions to make a suitable present to Miss Buss. Sixty-five dollars were at once raised, and a committee appointed to purchase and present to this school teacher a good gold watch. It is expected that the watch will be procured in Chicago and presented on the return passage of the committee. A full account of the whole affair is promised us in the educational papers of New England. Thus for the present endeth one of the pleasantest little incidents of a lifetime, and the event in the excursion of the teachers to the Chicago Convention.

CARE OF VERMONT SOLDIERS.

Articles have recently appeared in several of the Vermont papers, criticising the action of the State in her care of sick and wounded soldiers. So far from falling below her sister States in this matter, Vermont far excels them all. A few brief statements will set this subject in its true light.

In December last, the State authorities made arrangements with the authorities at Washington, for the enlargement of Hospital accommodations in Vermont, and the transfer of Vermont sick and wounded soldiers in U. S. General Hospitals south of New England, to the Hospitals in Vermont. Under the arrangement, the State was to appoint a Commissioner, or Commissioners, to visit the various General Hospitals, make lists of the Vermont soldiers therein found, present them at Washington, and procure the transfer to Hospitals in the State of all thus found, excepting such as could not bear the journey to Vermont, and such as would get well in two or three weeks where they were. A condition was made by the authorities at Washington, that the state Commissioners should have only to do with such of the Vermont soldiers as had been sent in from the field to General Hospitals, and that no interference or meddling by State Agents with soldiers in Camp or Field Hospitals, or attached to their commands in the field, could be permitted.

Two Commissioners were appointed, with instructions conforming with the terms of the arrangement. The Commissioners have not since been authorized by the State, nor permitted by the authorities at Washington, to exceed their original instructions. The Commissioners commenced their duties in the latter part of December last, and during the winter and early spring visited a large number of General Hospitals, finding the Vermont sick and wounded scattered along, a few here and a few there, in these Hospitals, picking up all that were proper cases for transfer, and sending them to hospitals within the State. Having thus hunted up the Vermonters then in Hospital, the effort has since been to prevent new cases from becoming scattered through many Hospitals. It was necessary, therefore, for the Commissioners to have Headquarters at Washington, so as to attend to our men as promptly as possible, as fast as they were sent in from the field to General Hospital. One Commissioner has only been on service since April, because having picked up the scattered men, it was thought that one was sufficient. But although Headquarters were at Washington, it was necessary for the Commissioners to be a large portion of the time on the wing, taking such fare as chance might provide. So much for "luxuriating at Willard's Hotel."

Up to about the first of August, current, 840 men had been thus picked up and transferred to Hospitals in Vermont. Since the first of August, the Commissioner has sent two detachments of sick and wounded men to Hospitals in the State—the first one numbering 101 men, and the second 131 men. A third detachment may be expected to arrive in the course of a week.

Thus over one thousand sick and wounded soldiers have been transferred to the Hospitals in Vermont, to enjoy the benefits of a change of climate and water, of the best of medical treatment, and of being near, and visited by their friends. Particularly in cases of chronic diarrhoea, certain stages of convalescence from typhoid fever, enfeebled general physical condition, gun shot wounds which heal badly in Southern Hospitals, or near the tide waters, this change proves highly beneficial—over 60 per cent. of all the cases in the State to be fully treated, having been cured, and the men restored to the service.

This arrangement for benefiting the sick and wounded is nearly or quite peculiar to Vermont; and it is well known that several other States would at any time like a similar arrangement. We wait to hear of any other state which has done as much, substantially, and stripped of all mere demonstration, for the benefit of its sick and wounded, in proportion to its whole number, as Vermont has done for hers.

Vermont was one of the very first States to offer to send Surgeons and nurses to the army, as long ago as when it moved to the Peninsula under Gen. McClellan; and has repeated the offer several times since, but has been informed that such help could with difficulty be used; that the army in time of grim-visaged war, and in face of the enemy, must necessarily be strictly a military organization, subject to rigid rules; and that civilians could not be mixed in with the military without producing disorganization and confusion.

At and after a great battle like that at Gettysburg, it would be quite remarkable if, among troops so hotly engaging the enemy's fire, as did the Vermont troops, there should not occur cases of distressing suffering. Only a few such cases have however been mentioned as occurring among the Vermonters; and probably there was a less number among them who were not speedily ministered to, so far as human agency could relieve or alleviate suffering under such circumstances, than among almost any other equal number of troops engaged. The Vermont Regiments had a full and superior corps of Surgeons, with good assistants, and all attended to their duties on the field, with untiring devotion. As for the Commissioner, he attended precisely to the duties of his appointment, obtaining the requisite list of sick and wounded, and arranging with the proper authorities for their transfer to Vermont.—*Phœnix.*

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.
A SOLDIER'S OPINION.
Bivouac near Elkhon, Va.,
August 8th, 1863.

DEAR REPUBLICAN:—Do you want to know what the men of the great, free North seem to me to be now saying in loud, most emphatic voice, to us poor fellows in the army? "You are a set of mean, contemptible scoundrels, not fit to be associated with by decent people. We have a perfect horror of your society. Far from accepting the President's very general and pressing invitation to join your ranks and work by your side for a time, we will pay any sum of money; we will try all sorts of excuses and evasions; yes, will descend to the meanest tricks to keep out of your hateful society. We hold nobody to be your proper companions but shoulder-buffers, plug-uglies, dead rabbits and all manner of vile vagabonds, the refuse of our cities, the ruffians from our penitentiaries, whom we are accordingly caressing, coaxing and bribing to go to you in our places. Nay, you are such a nuisance that we won't even leave our indignation to be expressed by mere individual acts towards you. We will put our heads together as communities; we will meet in our public capacity and vote as towns and cities, to turn our backs upon you, to help men who would otherwise go to you, to stay away and leave you alone. We'll take advantage of your absence to lay taxes on your property to raise money to keep decent people away from you, and (if we must) to buy murderers, thieves, and other villains to go to you in their places; men who will be more likely to cut your throats than those of the enemy."

And is this what you really think of us, oh dearly-beloved people of New England, after whom our hearts yearn with an unspeakable affection; thoughts of whom keep up our spirits in long and toilsome marches, visions of whose dear faces comfort us in every hardship and amidst wounds, and even in the agonies of death? Is this the estimation the people of Connecticut valley put upon their sons and brothers who went forth, as we fondly supposed, upon an errand most dear to your hearts, in a cause you held sacred in your inmost souls? Are our ranks, thinned so sorely by disease, wounds and death, only fit to be filled up by ruffians imported by your money from the dens of New York? Shall our battle flags, bearing which our best and bravest have gone down on fields of glory, and the staffs are yet stained with the blood of their dying grasp, be left to the protection of mercenary wretches who care neither for country or reputation, who have sold themselves to you only in the hope of deserting to sell over again in endless succession, and who reach the field only because pistols and bayonets have stood between them and flight?

But putting us, your brothers in the army, out of the account, how are you treating your country, your own government, the embodiment of your own royal sovereignty? As an enemy, whose interests are hostile to yours, with whom you are to drive sharp bargains, who is to be outwitted in every possible way! You ought to volunteer in numbers more than enough to fill our ranks now so speedily as to make the shortest kind of work with this hollow and collapsing rebellion, which nothing but your unpatriotic apathy can keep alive three months longer. But you refuse even to come where the fairest of all possible methods of designating citizens for defense has pointed you out and called you to the field. Your country, all that is our institutions which is most hallowed with sacred associations, which claims your truest allegiance, calls for one grand, indispensable, personal effort from you, and you respond with a handful of paltry greenbacks. The birthright you have boasted of all your life in the face of all nations, is in peril, and you grudgingly offer \$300 to a Five Points pimp and gambler to rush in and save it for you. I am ashamed to read in your newspapers, an account of the draft in any place and its lame and impotent conclusion. A hundred draw prizes in the lottery of glory and patriotism. Sixty-five of them obtain exemption on account of some physical disability and the variety of diseases invented for the occasion, exhausts the medical vocabulary and gives more desert of praise to the doctors for ingenuity than for patriotism. Twenty-one pay over their undesired tribute of \$300 into Uncle Sam's treasury. Eight furnish substitutes, and five patriotically answer the call in their own person.

A hundred of those actually enrolled into the military service of their country, start for the place of rendezvous. Fifteen mysteriously disappear before reaching the point in the State designated for that purpose. Twenty break out of their bonds and escape before the details leave to join their respective regiments; seven are wounded or killed in attempts to do so and go likewise; eight of the remainder are claimed as deserters from some regiment already in the field, or some other rendezvous of recruits. Again, taking one hundred of these last remainders for a third "attenuation," to speak homoeopathically, they embark in the steamer for the seat of war; fifty-five of them are among the missing at the port where they are landed; eighteen more elude the vigilance of their guards or are killed and wounded as above, before they reach the field, and the rest—are they not indeed veterans already, to have passed through so much before they have once put musket to shoulder.

Faugh! Is this the way in which the loyal people of the North show their patriotism, while the disloyal engage in riot and bloodshed in open resistance to the government? Is this the spirit in which you pay the price demanded, for all that you hold dear in your country's civil and political institutions? Is this the opinion you deliberately wish to express of us your own neighbors and friends, whom you sent out at the beginning of the war with your prayers and blessings? If so then please stop talking about our victories. Don't be heaping praises on the courage and devotion of your armies. Do not speak of the glory of the old flag, the sacredness of our cause, or the value of our institutions. It appears that they are altogether worth—a begrudged and reluctant three hundred dollars. Here's to the flag of our Union! Long may it wave. And if three hundred dollars will carry it deep into the ranks of the foe, here's your money. Down with this cursed rebellion, with cannon, musket and bayonet. And if three hundred dollars will send a bayonet, there are the greenbacks. To arms, to arms, my countrymen! All you hold most dear is in jeopardy. Rush to the rescue. Take with you my blessing and—this small roll of \$300 in treasury notes.

I have done, my dear Republican, I can't pursue the subject any farther. What need? I've performed my example in simple addition, and the sum total is—\$300. Yours, affectionately,

DENN BROWN.

THE SIEGE OF FORT WAGNER.

On Sunday morning last the Ottawa, Lieut. Commanding Whiting, and one Monitor, took their position off Fort Wagner, to indulge in a little shell practice and keep the gunners in the work in a quiescent state, so that our men in the advanced trenches should not be annoyed by their fire. The practice from the Ottawa's one-hundred pounder Parrott was exceedingly fine. Nearly every shot was plunged into the rebel work, and the garrison were kept in their bomb proofs. Fort Sumter attempted, with her large rifled gun, to drive the impertinent annoyance away, but without avail. The rebel shot fell in the water all about the Ottawa, but did not in a single instance strike her. The latter paid no attention to the wrathful salutations of Sumter, nor to Moultrie, that essayed to put the plucky little Ottawa to flight. With the utmost coolness and precision bolt after bolt was pitched into Wagner, until it seemed to have been covered with smoke and dust. Fort Wagner occasionally responded with her ten-inch columbiad, but was able to accomplish nothing. Finally a shot from the Ottawa either dismounted a gun or blew up a small service magazine in Wagner and woke up the garrison. In their rage they sprang to their guns, opened fire upon our works and upon the Ottawa, and for a couple of hours the fire was more intense and rapid than ever before proceeded from that work. Our batteries instantly responded with the greatest rapidity. The rebel works on James Island caught up the deafening refrain, and belloyed forth their noisy salutations while Moultrie and Johnson joined in the infernal chorus. The fire was unexampled in rapidity and generally in accuracy. Wagner was covered with bursting shell and enveloped in smoke and dust; but the rebels stood by their guns with the greatest steadiness. Our trenches were gleaming with the fitful fires of exploding shell, and the air impregnated with sulphurous fumes, was alive with the whistle of solid shot, the hum of shell, the shriek of projectiles, and all that variety of strange sounds that proceeds from a hundred flying missiles. The work in our trenches was necessarily slackened, as the men found it essential to safety to take to cover very frequently.

This thundering cannonade had continued an hour or more, when the New Ironsides hoisted anchor and moved majestically to her old position off Wagner, where she again anchored and brought her port broadsides to bear on the rebel work. In a moment she fired a shot from her rifled gun forward, and, getting the range, she let fly a broadside at the fort from her two hundred pound rifles and eleven-inch guns. Her fire thus opened, continued with steadiness and accuracy. The effect of her fire was soon manifest. The rebel guns, one after another, became silenced, and finally an occasional shot from the ten-inch columbiad, at the noble frigate, indicated the fact that the fort was still occupied. Sumter fired some spiteful shots at the Ironsides, but did not strike her. The rebel fire from Wagner being subdued, the Ironsides ceased shelling, and at about noon all was again silent, save an occasional shell from Fort Johnson which did no damage. We suffered no casualties during the day.

Tim P. Redfield, Vandaligham candidate for Governor in this State, is to address what few copperheads can be got together at Fayetteville on Saturday of this week. He is the same who in 1851 declared that "no more slave states ought to be admitted into the Union," and that the federal government should "relieve itself from all responsibility for the existence or continuance of slavery in the Dist. of Columbia."—*B. F. Times.*

There is much sickness in New-fane mainly produced doubtless by the long-continued hot weather. The landlord of one of the hotels there, (Johnson,) died some ten days since of dysentery, and the proprietor of the other hotel is now sick with the same disease. Throughout the county there is an unusual amount of sickness.—*B. F. Times.*

From the Vermont Record.

HON. TIMOTHY P. REDFIELD.
Timothy Parker Redfield, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont, was born in Coventry, Sunday, the 3d day of November, 1811; the son of Peleg and Hannah (Parker) Redfield. His father was one of the earliest physicians in Orleans County, and had an extensive practice, and was much in public life, having been representative from Coventry nine successive years, 1812—1820, and held several other offices. Both parents were possessed of great intellectual vigor, a large inheritance of which descended to their son.

He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1836, studied law with his brother, Hon. Isaac F. Redfield, then in practice at Derby, and commenced business at Irasburgh. He soon became one of the leading lawyers in the county, and was also active as a politician. In 1847 and 1848 he was the Democratic candidate for the Vermont Senate, and in 1848 was elected. Soon after his election he removed to Montpelier, and opened an office there; losing by the removal very little of his practice in Orleans County, and gaining an extensive practice in other counties. In 1851, he was the candidate of the "coalition" for governor, the first nominee, Hon. L. B. Peck, having declined. Upon the establishing of the Board of Education in 1856 he was appointed a member of the Board, and by repeated appointments has held the office to this day. He was Postmaster at Montpelier during the Presidency of Buchanan, and perhaps has held other offices which have escaped the notice of the writer.

Mr. Redfield possesses strong native powers of mind, which have been so developed by discipline and liberalized by culture, that he easily takes rank with the ablest men in the State. All the qualifications necessary for a governor of Vermont he has in abundance, except the one qualification without which all the rest are, in the estimation of the people of Vermont, but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. An unfortunate mistake in the selection of his political associates in these times of breaking up of old parties and forming new, will probably exclude him from the gubernatorial chair.

P. H. W.

FOUND DEAD.—On Sunday morning last, Mrs. Mary Loomis, was found dead, in the woods, about four miles from Worcester Corners, and ten rods from the Eagle Ledge Road, with appearances on her forehead, of having come to her death by violence. She has been regarded in that vicinity, as a woman of doubtful reputation, and had been discarded by her husband. A young man named Carr has been heard to threaten her life, and the fact that he was absent immediately after the woman was found, has fastened suspicion on him.—The authorities are in search of him.

PATRIOTIC FAMILY.—Mr. Lorenzo Fairbanks of Bethel has six sons now in the army of the United States, all of whom volunteered except one, who was recently drafted and has gone, though he had previously offered himself for a command in some colored regiment. One has been in nine battles; two have been severely wounded, but returned to the service as soon as recovered; and another was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg.—*Woodstock Standard.*

CHOICE OF WORDS.—When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

They had a chase after a deserter in Plymouth last week, who was armed with a double barrel shot gun, and very loud in his threats against any one who should attempt to arrest him. His name was Webster, and on being approached, ran for the woods, where he was pursued and taken. He was from Rutland, and had not borne a very good reputation previously, having to pay some \$40 for stealing a pistol at Ludlow not long since.—*B. F. Times.*